

THE
Last & Most Exact
EDITION

O F

New Songs:

Such as are Now in

M O S T

General Esteem

EITHER IN

Town or Court.

Collected with very great Diligence,
and Printed after the most
Correct Coppies.

*Veniam pro laude peto, laudatus abunde
Si tibi placet lector. Ovid.*

With Allowance, May 6. 1678.

L O N D O N, Printed in the Year, 1678.

THE GREAT
EDITION

THE

General Election

MINISTER

THE

'95.05806



Song.

FAncælia's heart is still the same,
Cold and hard as Winters morning;
Though my love is ever burning;
Yet no frowns nor smiles can ever
Melt her eyes, or cool my Fever.

So long I think and talk of love,
That all the Fields and Groves can name her,
All the ecchoes strive to blame her,
If she keep her cruel fashion,
Naught but death can ease my passion.

All the sighs, the groans, the anguish,
All the looks with which I languish,
Moves not her to any feeling,
Beauty takes delight in killing.

Song.

Believe me dear Mall,
For I have traded with all;
Those of name and estate,
Who do make the Town prate
Of their many great deeds and their forces:
When they come to the matter,
Are weaker then water,
And have nothing that's strong but their purses.

With high Gelly's and Broth,
They make their bloods froth;
With a sickly desire,
Create a fresh fire,
Then hugg Miss as if they would eat her;
Such unnatural Flashes,
Streight turns into Ashes,
And delude both themselves and the Creature.

Mother Mosely left this,
As a Maxime to Miss,
For her Grandure and fame,
Keep a Cock of the Game,
And a tuff brawny Lad for to feed on:
Let the wealth of the Cully,
Provide for the Bully,
So you'r sure of a man when you need one.

Song.

A Dient to love by measure,
Laws were made for Fools;
I'le have no bounds for pleasure,
Nor ever Court by rules:
But as I storm, i'le enter,
And make no more ado,
Have but the heart to venture,
and she will venture you.

Song.

Song.

THe Nymph that undoes me
is fair, but unkind;
No less then a wonder,
by nature design'd:
She's the grief of my heart,
yet the joy of my eye;
And the cause of a Flame
that never can dye.

Her mouth from whence wit
so oblegingly flows,
Has the beautiful blush,
and the smell of a Rose:
Love and destiny both,
attend on her will:
She wounds with a look,
with a frown she can kill.

A Song.

THe desperate Lover must ~~have~~ no redress,
Where beauty and rigour are both in excess;
In Silvia they meet so unhappy am I,
That who sees her,
Must love her,
who loves her must dye.

Song.

Song.

When my Phillis casts her glances,
 or does dart her airy beams;
 Then she charms me with the fancies,
 of some wanton sporting dreams;
 First relates, then fondly jesting
 underneath some shadeing tree,
 Then deludes me with protesting
 that she loveth none but me.

Her Smile's so killing and so taking,
 that she makes me dye each hour,
 Always doating, ne'r forsakeing,
 her Actions bear an equal power;
 Did you but see her tempting posture
 when she's in a comely dress,
 When mine Arms about have crost her,
 you'd swear I did all joys possess.

Song.

VVhat it is man confus'd
 Unto Woman kind,
 But a Slave, Cuckold, and Drudger!
 But we live a single Life
 To avoid cruel strife,
 And blush at the thoughts of a Wife.

Song.

Royot we all the day,
They bound and must obey,
Wives they will curb 'em and make 'em grow Sotts;
But we are free from this,
Are not obliged to Kifs,
Keep Ladies company just when we please;
Pass the whole year away
Merrily as the day,
And revel like Princes in pleasure and ease.

Treated whole Weeks are we,
Wives love variety;
There's not a Woman but must have her friend;
Poor Silly idle Knaves,
Their wives we make our slaves,
Coach them to Taverns, Balls, and Plays;
Whilst the Poor Fool at home,
Patient sits like a Mome,
What they want nightly,
we give them by days.

Song.

TENDER Maid let me advise you,
VWink when Lovers wou'd surprize you,
VWhilst ill natur'd thoughts you cherish,
All your Happy Moments perish:
Torments that in love befall,
VWillfull Lovers make them all.

As your cruelty's repeated,
Cruelly by love you'r treated;
But to the wise and constant Lovers,
Heaven to them the way discovers:
Pains in love, if pains there are?
Lovers for themselves prepare.

Song.

NO pleasure like the young embrace;
Whom all besides my self think chaste;
Stand up for vertue, plead her cause,
Though in her heart she hates her Laws;
And still disputes against the things
She would not loose for wealth of Kings.

Wisely she sports, yet she appears
As young in vice as she's in years;
Confuting all, who half make tryal
With woman Rhetorick in denial:

And still disputes against the things,
She wou'd not loose for wealth of Kings.

Song.

Song.

How sweet, how scerence, and how calm is the Grove
All Flow'ry and gay is the mansion of Love;
'Tis Nero's bright Mistris, the Queen of delight,
The great God of Battel enjoy'd every night.
Let the Cottage compare
with the Houses of Gold,
Since the Thunderer himself
was a Rainger of old:
Here beauty laughs in gawdy flowers,
And there she weeps in perly showers;
With blooming glories round,
She decks the trees around:
Then sits well pleas'd and smiles,
Of what her sight beguiles
the pleasant-painted ground.

Song.

Song,

ONe night when all the Village slept,
Martellas sought despair;

The wandring Shepheard waking kept,

To tell the Woods his care:

Be gone, said he, fond thoughts be gone,
eyes give your sorrows o're:

Why should you waſt your tears for one,
that thinks on you no more,
that thinks, &c.

Yet all the Birds, the Flocks, and Powers,
that dwell within this Grove:

Can tell how many tender hours,
we here have paſt in love:

The Stars above, my cruel foes,
can tell how ſhe has ſworn,

A thouſand times that like to thoſe,
her flames ſhould ever burn.

Her flames, &c.

But ſince ſhe's gone, O let me have
my wiſh, and quickly dye:

In this cold bank i'll make my grave,
and there forgotten lye:

Sad Nightingales the watch ſhall keep,

and

and kindly there complain:
Then down the Shepheard lay to sleep,
but never wak't again.
but never, &c.

Song.

Sitting beyond a Rivers side,
Parthenia thus to Cloe cry'd;
Whilst from the fair Nymphs eyes apace,
Another stream o're-flow'd her beauteous face:
Ah! happy Nymph, said she, that can
So little value that false creature Man.

Oft she perfidious things would cry,
They love, they bleed, they burn, they dye;
But if they'r absent half a day,
Nay, if they stay but one poor hour away,
No more they dye, no more complain,
But like unconstant wretches live again.

Song.

Long have I lov'd to my torment,
but Phillis grew proud and cruel;
Slighting all ways of preferment,

I languish my life away;
Jealousies, doubts, and dispaire,
do hourly encrease the fuel;
Sighs, and a deluge of tears,
wore out the tedious day,
But now find what the depth of love is.
I'll leave it quite o're, and i'll languish no more,
Let the amorous Cully despair:
My love I will bend,
To a battel and friend,
and still live as free as air.

Charming and bright as a Goddess,
was Phillis when first I lov'd her,
Now she is proud and immodest,
what pitty 'twas her crime?
Though she so dearly did love it,
she'd rail when e're I mov'd her
Scorn of a blessing they covet,
damn'd Women before their time:
Why shou'd a man that has wit and honour,
doat on a snare that the devil made fair,
For a plague to the best of Mankind;
They'l love, fawn, and pray,
Yet hate the next day,
So there's no joy but wit and wine.

Song.

Song.

WHy shou'd you Strephons love despise,
laugh at his flames, and be unkind still:
VVhen weeping at your feet he lies,
with sighs enough to turn a VVind-Mill.

Since his sad Sonnets move no more,
then Ballads ending in down derry:
Do but his broken heart restore,
that he may chear up and be merry.

If such fine fooling cannot move,
what charming fopp can hope for pitty?
VVho to no purpose still makes love,
and labours only to be witty.

Song.

WHy shou'd a man be confin'd
to the clamorous tongue of a VVife?
That debarrs him the freedom of mind,
and turns their affection to strife:
No, no, i'le be free in amours,
and love ev'ry object I see:
Be true to the thoughts of my whores,
and Betty be constant to thee.

Plē sit, and with patience endure
the frivolous talk of a scout,
Whose language can only procure
advice that is seeming devout :
But still to my self I will smile,
and laugh at her idle discourse,
Let her rave to her self all the while,
'tis advantage to make me the worse.

Song.

ALL my past joys are mine no more,
the flying hours are gone ;
Like Transitory dreams given o're,
Whose Images are kept in store,
by memory alone.

What ever is to come, is not,
how can it then be mine ?
The present Moment's all my lot,
And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis 'tis wholly thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
false heart and broken vows :
If I by Miracle can be,
This live long minnute true to thee,
'tis all that Heaven allows.

Song.

Song.

TO all, and to singular in this great meeting,
The mighty God Cupid and Bacchus send greeting;
Whereas by some Poet of wicked design,
A Difference was rais'd
Between Love and good wine:
They now do declare,
An end of their war,
And the hearts of all Mortals,
must equally share.

Chorus.

When Beauties are cruel,
to banish their care,
From Love to the Charms
of great Bacchus repair;
And when Bacchus inflames you
with too hot a fire,
To the Pleasure of Love,
for assistance retire.

A Ketch.

Lets love, and drink, and drink,
and love and drink on:
What have we else
in this dull world to think on;
But still to love to drink,
to love and drink on.

Song:

Song:

YOU told me you lov'd me,
And swore you'd prove me;
But I found it was all a damn'd lye;
When I strove for the Bliss,
Then you cry'd do not Kiss,
For I swear if you do I shall dye:
When you prest me all night in your arms,
you said, if the Ladies did see,
The strength of your powerful charms,
'Twould be glorious for you, but unhappy for me.

Oh you hurt me you cri'd,
Like a new Married Bride,
And you bitt, and you scratcht, and you swore,
Oh! you hurt me, &c.
That if ever I told what was done;
for I'll swear 'twas a pittiful deed,
With a Gash in your side you would run,
for all Men and Lovers to see you to bleed!

The Quakers Confession.

VVith upright looks, and speech sincere,
In publique I a Saint appear;
But in private I put out the Light,
and I serve for a Whore or a Bawd;
I have taught 'em to Swear, Cheat, and Fight,
for by Yea and by Nay I am fraud.

Chorus.

I have taught, &c.

FINIS.

Coyness Revenged.

Young Cleon was a sprightful swain;
and did Clorinda love;
He nought receiv'd, but cold disdain,
yet still he briskly strove
To thaw the Ice, and make her burn,
With equal ardour, and like flame,
But she with craft did play the Game,
And bid him never hope for a Return.

But yet in spight of her disdain,
Loves flame her heart had fir'd;
Alone she mourn'd the secret pain,
and Cleon still desir'd:
Her feigned scorn, she then did fear
Should drive him into such despair,
That he no more would think her fair;
But from his angry breast her image tear.

While thus she was o're-whelm'd with care,
the much-lov'd Swain appears;
Her joy and grief so powerful are,
they melt her into tears:
Her lips he kiss'd, her hands he prest;
and all resistance now is lost,
the Rain dissolv'd her hard hearts frost,
And drop'd her yeilding head upon his breast.

*My Nymph and I with amorous eyes,
upon each other gaze ;*

*Each strove the other to surprize,
till both were in a maze :*

*But then we blusht to think we lov'd,
and part our eyes a while ;*

*Yet still they to their center mov'd,
and twinkl'd out a smile.*

*When Chærea sees me charm'd with joy,
and into Raptures flown ;*

*For fear a surfeit should destroy,
she checks me with a Frown :*

*I faint, and in a trembling sigh,
my fate begins to reign :*

*But when she looks, and see's 'tis I,
she Rallies all her smiles again.*

L *Et the Criticks adore
Their old Venus no more,*

she's a Gypsie ;

Silly mortals ne'r think,

*That the Goddess will drink,
and be typpie.*

None

*None but Vulcan can abide her,
She's grown so black of late,
In his Cole-hole he does hide her,
to secure her from her fate.*

*All the Gods are stark mad
for a Venus more fair;
And swear they'd be glad
if my Celia were there,*

*The truest Swain that ever sung,
of an obdurate maid;
Melissa lov'd and woo'd her long,
but still as he for pitty pray'd;
Dye Shepherd, Dye,
was all the sad, was all the sad
Relief he had.*

*At last incensed love began,
Melissa's heart to wound;
Ah! where was then the hapless Swain?
none to relieve her could be found:
No Shepherd, no, she call'd in vain,
To ease thy pain, to ease thy pain,*

But now her lover, though too late,
intreats to cure her smart ;
Ah ! let not scorn or envious fate,
deprive thee of his faithful heart :
Love ! equal love will give thee rest,
And make him blest,
And make him blest ;
Equal love will give thee rest,
and make him blest, and make him blest.

Dearest do, you easily may,
The place agreeing to't,
And none can see us do't,
then don't delay.
The torment is so great
that I endure ;
You must immediately
Kill, or Cure.
For time admitts of no demurr
in such a case as this ;
I'de rather dye,
Than be so nigh,
and not to reap a bliss.

Aminda

A Minda! when those Eyes did first impart
Soft signs of love, and spoke a yielding heart:
Ah! with what Joy did I
Make the blest Discovery?

Far less comfort does the Spring
To our young Lambs and tender Kidds e're bring;
When the returning Sun, again
Unlocks the River, and restores the Plain.

And must I now be doubly wretched made
By tasting joys, which did so quickly fade?
To give such happiness,
Is to curse, and not to bless,
Had but your heart been ever cross,
I had not known the smart of such a loss;
Ah! then dear Nymph your love restore,
Or give me back my ignorance before.

Aminda forbear to insult any more,
Lest you teach me to slight whom you taught to adore;
For you'll lose your design, should your peevish disdain
Recover a heart that your Beauty has slain;
You'll confess that your Art has your nature beguil'd,
Should you heal with a frown all the wounds yo've smil'd.
The

The flames that your kindness at first did create,
Need now no Incentives of anger or hate;
For I find that my heart does more readily bow
To the Darts of your eyes, then the storms of your brow;
And while I see nothing but dread, like to Hell,
I learn but the way to despair and rebell.

Then Aminda to compass the fate you've design'd,
If you cannot be Just, can't you learn to be kind?
For the best and the certainest way to be cruel,
Is to heighten my Flame by increasing the Fuel;
And when you perceive 'tis sufficiently blown,
Withdraw but your self, I shall perish alone,

Scarce had the rising Sun appear'd,
to guild the dawning day,
When in a Neighbouring Grove I heard,
a murmuring voice to say;
Be kind sweet Nymph since Heaven affords
conveniencies and place:
He had prevailing charms in's words,
as she had in her face;
Twice { Beauty to pleasing flatteries must yield,
{ though that first conquers, yet these win the field.
To

To Cloris what I did pretend,
is now to a real passion grown,
That stubborn heart that would not bend,
in one short Minut's overthrown:
As sorrow sat upon her Brow,
And Tears from her bright eyes did flow,
Love plaid his charming Syrens part,
And in the Water fir'd my Heart.

GO now my Flocks and at your will
betake you to the Pool or Hill;
For since alas ! I could not keep
my Shepherdess, why should I my Sheep ?

Then weep, and sigh, and pine away,
If Night won't come, make Night of day;
For what have I to do with light,
When nought is left me but my sighs?
All fair, all good, ere counted on,
Lay in my Love and she is gone.

Under

Under the Branches of a spreading Tree,
Silvander sat from care and danger free;
And his inconstant roving humour shows,
'Tis his dear Nymph that sung of Marriage Vows,
But she with flowing sweetness, charming Air,
cry, fie! fie! my Dear give ore,
ah! tempt the Heavens no more:
But thy offence with Penitence repair;
For though Vice in a Beauty seem sweet in thy arms,
An Innocent vertue has always more charms.

Ah! Phillida, the angry Swain reply'd,
Is not a Mistris better than a Bride?
What man that Universa! Toak retains,
But meets an hour to sigh and curse his Chains?
She smiling cry'd, Change, change that impious mind,
Without it we could prove,
Not half the sweets of love;
'Tis Marriage makes the feeling joys Divine:
For all our life long we from scandal remove,
And at last fall the Trophies of Honour and Love.

The

The Serenade.

If sorrows that are deep,
Can tune the voice to chain fast sleep;
How fit am I to sing to thy Repose:
For to my panting Breast,
What poor incitements are to rest,
The murmurs of a Spring, or wind that blows:
Let Angels guard thee round,
And pleasing Dreams of love abound;
now on thy beauty I can freely gaze,
And my heart sacrifice,
For thine eclipsed Eyes
Dart greater lustre than the Sun's bright Rays.

The Extasie.

Farewel the world, and mortal cares,
the ravish'd Strephon cry'd;
As full of joys and tender tears,
he lay by Phillis side:
Let others toil for wealth and fame,
whilst not one thought of mine;
At any other bliss shall aim,
than these dear arms of thine.
Still let me gaze on thy bright eyes,
and hear thy charming tongue;

I nothing ask^t encrease my joys,
but this, to feel 'em long:
In close embraces let us lye,
and spend our lives to come;
Then let us both together dye,
and be each others Tomb.

Bring thee Oh! thou charming fair,
A heart that's free, a heart that's free from care
Not a Martyr
That's driven
By torture
To Heaven,

But a heart that unforc'd to thy beauty is given:
No Captive in chains,
That sighs and complains
Of bleeding and flames,
And nightless pains:

But I bring thee, Oh! thou charming fair,
A heart that's free, a heart that's free from care.

*Send all thy guards of frowns away,
I will not force, I will not force obey;
but kindness and favour,
will make me deliver*

*My heart at thy feet, and adore thee for ever:
Thy slaves will be gone when thy beauty goes down,
But into the Sea i'll sink with my Sun:
For I bring thee, Oh! thou charming fair,
A heart that's free, a heart that's free from care.*

*G**ive me leave to own a passion,
that was born and bred for you;
Fools may think it out of fashion,
once to love, and still be true;
Let me where I love pursue it,
though in scorn you persevere;
Time, or Fate shall ne'r undo it,
nor Divorce me from your ear,*

All the force of your denial,
*cannot make me raise the siege;
Constancy shall be my tryal,
though my hopes you disobliege:
All my days of Youth and vigour
shall at loves service be;
And in spight of all your rigour,
love you to eternity.

No Shepherd, no, rule thy mind,
Be not to ill thoughts inclin'd;
No more thy rude passion move,
To ruine poor Micra's love:
For thy false, thy deluding eye,
My honour cries quickly flie;
There's danger in loves delight,
But safety lies in my flight.

*My heart relents and dispaire,
To conquer thy moving Pray'rs;
Oh! if thou my loss cannot fear,
Thy passionate vows forbear;
For if love makes my heart comply,
My vertue knows how to die;
And death from all scandal clear,
Is better than Empire here.*

*AH! how long have I fed my desires
With the hopes you'l be kinder at last?
but in vain have I strove
to perswade you to love,
Till the pleasures of Courtship are past:
For I cannot, I will not extinguish my fire,
But in spite of your scorn, I must always admire*

*You'l command me to love you no more,
'tis a Law that I cannot obey;
For when ever I try,
I am caught by your eye,
Which opposeth whatever I say,
for I cannot, I will not my folly give o're,
but in spite of your scorn I must always adore,
Thus*

Thus you make it my fate to rebel,
by a contrary humour you have;
You command me away,
and I strive to obey,
But your beauty still holds me your slave;
for I cannot, I will not my passion repell,
but in spite of your scorn I must love you too well.

The Linging Bride-groom.

Come, come Astation, come away,
Love is affronted by thy stay;
For love with nature's in contest,
If it move slowest at the last;
Does he the Muses stay to bring,
That they the Nuptial song may sing,
and they perhaps are not yet drest,
as doth become so great a feast;
Oh! think him not so dimly ey'd,
The Muses all are in the bride.

Come, come Astation come away,
love is affronted at thy stay;
For who to's Marriage does not haste,
Loosens the Knot he should make fast;
the graces he will bring perchance
that they may at the Wedding dance;

And

*And they perhaps make this delay,
Fearing to meet a brighter Ray;
For in the Brides all-charming face,
Each feature yields a several grace.*

The Anti-Amorist.

*] Have thought upon love with a jolly free mind,
Of those joys and those Raptures which in it we find,
All our hopes and our fears by cheating he pays,
And fools all our pleasures with tilting delays :
Then away with dull love, like a Dropsical tumour,
It all briskness removes, and spoils a good humour.*

The Penitent Debauchee.

*A Dein to the Joys of Good-fellowship quine,
I eat not all day, and I sleep not at night;
My stomach's disordered, my head's all on fire,
A Tulip's my food, and small beer my desire:
All Palsie my hand, and all sleek'd is my face,
My pulse so irregular, keeps a mad-mans pace :
All this from Claret is,
One o'th French Rarities,
but i'll drink no more, lest I die in the place:*

Flint.

Flint-Glasses and bottles are death in my eye,
My hair stands on end when I see them stand by;
Mackbeth's Mothers Witch is a pleasanter sight
To me than a Drawer at ten in the night;
Then cease the temptation, the Courtship's in vain,
Ple darken no doer of a Tavern again:

for my Resolution is,
and the Conclusion is,

Sweet sleep and sobriety shall cure my brain.

Thus wanton poor sinners, who have had the mishaps
Of purging and sweating, and fluxing for clapps;
And Women in Labour, when tortur'd with pain,
Vows, Thomas thou ne'r more shall have a sweet touch:
But when th'are at ease, and forgotten their pain,
They fall to their former imbraces again;

Such their good nature is,

And love to the Creature is,

Once more they will venture, though lately half slain.

The

The Duel.

What strange opposition in nature we find, (mind ?
When the heart would be willing, 'tis disturb'd by the
For the will and affections for pleasure are bent,
Whilst they live without pain, they never repent ;
For the flesh it is now so predominant grown,
That the power o'th spirit, 'twill clearly disown ;

When the Eye

Doth espy

a brisk woman pass by,

Strait the powers below to a Tumult do flie ;

when the reason and judgment this thing would withstand,
then the senses rise up to controul their command.

Thus in bodies ambition, and rivolling state,

Like the world hath it's course, we'r govern'd by fate,

the Reason doth tell

the faults very well,

And the conscience doth make it a horror like hell :

Then the Youth by consent would be willingly good,

Were he not over-powr'd by the heat of his blood ;

So it's reason that's weak, and nature that's strong,

And it is not the fault of the man that is young.

D

Compar'd

*C*ompar'd with Clorinda, the Sun's but a star,
Her beauty so bright, so brisk and so fair;
Each Violet and Rose her sweetness divides,
And the place is a Heaven where e're she resides;
I gaz'd to admire, but I pitti'd my heart,
And blam'd my fond eyes that created the smart.

Since Natures grown proud in comprizing each feature,
And the Gods do confess she's a lovely young creature,
Now let rage and let reason controul where they can,
I must love if I live, or why was I man?
Each thought of unkindness a passion infers,
Yet i'll cherish my flame were it equal'd by hers.

Fair.

Fair Lady, so strong are the charms of your eyes,
That they who behold them are struck with surprize,
Of which since your modesty will not be told,

Ile only be bold,

To say that I saw

those beauties of yours that all the world awe.

Then blame me no more,

If I sigh and adore,

Then blame me, &c.

You are fairer than fair, more witty than wit,
Most gentle and mild, and as innocence, sweet ;
You tell me you'l love, but you tell me not when,
You give me your heart, but you take it agen :

Ah Madam, cry I,

I live, and I die,

Then blame, &c.

*Secure from the toils and endless complaints,
That Lovers perplex when they kneel to their Saints,
If happy I live in the sight of those eyes,
That neither will grant, nor yet will despise.*

'Tis all I dare crave,

Not all I would have;

*Then blame me no more,
If still bound to sigh, yet still I adore,
If still, still, still bound to sigh, yet still I adore,
Still bound to sigh, yet still I adore.*

F *Air Celia adieu !*

*Your poor Shepherd was true,
Tho' you was as cruel as fair :*

None ever did prove,

So just to his Love,

Or dy'd half so deep in despair,

False

False Nymph I will go,
To some Desart of woe,
And ecchoe my plaints in a Grove,
I'll teach the wild quire,
In my dying desire,
To warble sad notes of my love,

There's no humane eye,
Shall be near when I dye,
I'll down to my Grave all alone;
At my groans and my cries,
And salt tears from my eyes,
The Turtle shall Chooe and make moan.

On each bank I will have
In the Rushes a grave,
When nature shall call me to sleep;
The root of a Willow,
Shall be my sad pillow,
And the Birds shall sit over and weep,

Song

Song.

Beneath a shady willow, near
a Rivers purling stream,
Astrea careless of her sheep,
with folded arms lay fast asleep;
Possess'd with golden dreams,
her working faculties supply'd,
what drowzy sleep deny'd;
For oft she'd smile, and sigh, and catch the Ayr,
Thinking her much lov'd Celadon was there.

But as this sleeping harmless maid
lay wrapt in silent joy,
Possessing all that can be sought
in fetter'd sense, or happy thought;
Her Swain came fishing by;
He eager of such rapturing bliss,
Awak'd her with a Kiss;
She blushing rose, and cry'd, unhappy fate,
Ah! Celadon thou now art come too late.

The

The Town Humour.

THe pleasant debauches of Love are most sweet,
When Passion and Guinnies with Doxy we meet ;
Though she ply up and down,
As Miss of the Town,
To fawn with each fellow will give her a Crown ;
She'l be really kind to one she approves,
And deposite her Guilt to the man that she loves.

This is the way of a Citizens Wife,
Wha loves to oblige a dear Spark to the life ;
Her Husband poor Cully,
For fear of the Bully,
Sits mumping at home , while abroad she does rome ;
At night being cloy'd with her Love , and his charms,
She's asleep when her Husband would melt in her arms.

Song.

BLind Cupid lay aside thy Bow,
thou dost not know its use,
For Love, thou Tyranny dost show,
thy kindness is abuse.

Thou who art call'd the pretty boy,
art thought a Skeleton,
For thou ! like death, dost still destroy,
when thou dost strike but one.

Each Vulgar hand can do as much,
as Heavenly skill we see,
When we behold one Arrew touch,
two marks that distant be.

Love always looks for love again,
if e're thou wound'st mans heart,
Pierce by the way, his Rib, and then,
he'l kiss, not curse, thy Dart.

Song.

Song?

Grieve not fond man, nor let one tear
Steal from thy eyes, she'l hear
No more of Cupids shafts, they flye
From wounding her, so let 'em dye:
For why should'st thou nourish such flames as burn
Thy easie breast, and not have like return?

Chorus. Love forces love, as flames expire,
If not encreas'd by gentle fire.

Let then her frigid coolness move
Thee to with-draw thy purer love;
And since she is resolv'd to shew
She will not love, do thou so too:
For why shoo'd beauty so far charm thy eyes?
That if she frown, thou't prove her Sacrifice.

Cho. Love forces love, as flames expire,
If not encreas'd by gentle fire.

Song by a Shepherd.

ON, Shepherds, on, we'l Sacrifice
Those spotless Lambs we prize
At highest rate, for Pan does keep
From harm our scattering Sheep:

And has deserv'd

For to be serv'd

With those you do esteem the best
Amongst the flock, as fittest for the feast:
Come Virgins bring your Garlands here,
And hang 'em every where.

Then let his Altars be o're-spread
With Roses fresh and red;

Burn Gums and Spice,

Rich Sacrifice:

The Gods so bounteous are you know,
We mortals cannot pay 'em what we owe.

Song.

Song.

Sigh, Shepherd, sigh!

Spend all your breath in groans;
Lay your sweeter Musick by,
hearken onely to the Droans;
Henceforth no other Garlands view,
But what are made of dismal yiew;
'Tis fit all nature now should mourn,
And every Tree to Cypress turn.

The Nymph is gone,
Whose looks in awe did keep
the Woolf, and Fox, and who alone,
More then Pallas blest our Sheep:
Her sweetest grass the Lambs did find,
Where her bright eyes, not Phœbus, shin'd
In every place where she did come,
She made a new Elizium.

Chorus. Wretched Swain thou now canst have
No Paradise, but in the Grave:
Dye, then dye, since she is fled,
The only life is to be dead.

Song.

I Cannot change, as others do,
though you unjustly scorn;
For that poor Swain that sighs for you,
for you alone was born:
No, Phillis, no, your heart to move,
a surer way i'll try;
And so revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on,
Will still love on, and dye.

When kill'd with grief, Amintas dies,
and you to mind recall;
Those sighs, that now unpittied rise,
those tears which vainly fall:
That welcome hour that ends my smart,
will then begin your pain;
For such a faithful tender heart,
Can never break,
Can never break in vain.

Song.

Song.

AWay with the causes of Riches and Cares,
That poyson our spirits, and shorten our years;
There's nothing can be
In fate or decree,
But is mingled with sorrow and fears,
Then perish all Fopps by Sobriety dull'd,
While he that is merry reigns Prince of the world.

The querks of the Zealots of Beauty and Wit,
Though supported by power, yet at last must submit
For he that is sad,
Grows wretched and mad,
While Mirth like a Monarch does sit,
It cherishes Life in the Old and the Young,
And makes every day both happy and long.

Song.

Song.

I'Le love while I live, though for love I must dye,
When a wound is grown Mortal, Death needs must be nigh:
While Phillis does frown, my smart must encrease,
When Tyrants do reign, few can hope for a peace;
Then, fair one, farewell, thus sighing I'll pine,
was love ever, ever, like mine!

Song.

Love take pitty on me,
Since I find and daily see,
That many other Fools agree
To be errant rebels to thy flames and thee.
I yield, I yield, and feel the smart,
Fair Lucinda has my heart!
There dwell!
There dwell!
And never part.

There

There imprint my sorrow
On her soul, and make her know
What pain it is I undergo :
'Cause love, and she are pleas'd to have it so ;
There shew her, how I beg and cry
But for one blessing from her eye,
So live !
So live !
and so must die !

Song.

NOW fie on love, it ill befits,
or Man or Woman know it ;
Love was not mean't for people in their Wits,
and they that fondly shew it,
Betray their too much feather'd brains,
And shall have onely Bedlam for their pains.

To love is to distract my sleep,
And waking, to wear fetters ;
To love, is but to go to School to weep,
I'll leave it for my betters.
If single love be such a curse,
To marry is to make it ten times worse.

Song.

Song to Apollo.

VVE to thy Harp, Apollo, sing,
While others to thy Altar bring
Their Prayers and Praise,
For length of days,
Or else for knowledge of their fates,
Which by their Prayers thou rennovates;
And dost renew,
Not as their due,
But as their worth incites thy Love,
To showre thy blessings from above.

Sweet Phillida be not so coy,
I love not to ravish a kiss,
Your peevishness will but destroy,
the hopes of enjoying true bliss.

If the Lover you like does offer
to give you a proof of his flame,

*And you fondly reject his kind offer,
too late your own folly you'l blame.*

*Then Yield to what e're he'l desire,
and slight not his Crittical Love:
Thus each will supply the kind fire,
and both will the pleasure approve.*

A Health.

TO them that make land flie
By Wine, Whore, and a Die;
To them that onely thrives
By kissing others Wives;
To them that pay for cloaths
With nothing but with Oaths,
Care not from whom they get,
So they may be in debt.

Death's Triumph.

Victorious men of Earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your Empires are;
Though you do bind in ev'ry Shore,
And all your triumphs reach as far
As Night or Day,
You must obey,
And lie in mingled ashes when
Death calls you to the common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
Each able to undoe Mankind;
Death's servile Emissaries are,
Nor yet alone to those confia'd:
He has at will
The waies to kill:
A smile, or kiss, which is his art,
Shall have the power to break a heart.

Song.

Song.

T Hough little be the God of love,
Yet all his Arrows mighty are ;
And so his victories above,
What e're the valiant reach by war :
For o're the milky way he'l flie,
And sometimes wound a Deity.

Apollo once the Python slew,
But straight a keener arrow flew
From Dapne's eyes, and made a wound,
For which the God no Balsome found ;
One smile of Venus too, did more
On Mars, then armies did before.

Stay Cupid, whether art thou flying,
And pitty thy pale Lovers dying;
For they that honour'd thee before,
See, see, alas! are now no more:
Unkind Cupid, leave thy killing,
to make them bleed,
to make them bleed,
that now, now, would be billing.

Song by Airy Spirits.

Great and poor thus sleep in sorrow,
Mortals can't be free from care;
While of fate that leave we borrow,
To live happy in the air.

State all got is ever flying,
Wars and dangers do increase,
Fortune threatens, love is dying,
only we enjoy a peace.

Then

Then give up this life and reigning,
so much prest 'twixt love and hate
To be happy in obtaining
freedome from the power of fate.

State ill got is ever flying,
wars and dangers do increase;
Fortune threatens, Love is dying,
only we enjoy a peace.

A Catch.

L Et Misses and Gallants
Make use of their Talents,
To be wise, is to love and be drunk;
for drink, and that same,
will get you a name,
When your lives and estates are both sunk.

Another.

Another.

FLy care and dull spight,
Hugg Sack our delight,
Make freedom the Lord of our pleasure;
Use a friend in a corner,
In spight of Jack Horner,
For Kissing and Tiplings our treasure.

Here's to mighty Sack-bottle,
Wer't a quart, or a pottle,
Down, down, down, down, down it shou'd go;
To our fam'd Common-wealth,
We will joyn our own Health,
And a Pox of our Colledges foe.

I Lost my heart the other day,
out of the inclosure of my breast,
And knew not when it went astray,
sorely lookt pale and wanted rest;

*So souls their bodies quitt while we look on,
Knowing not the way of Dissolution;
Onely our loss assures us they are gone.*

*AH! Cloris would the Gods allow
That we might love as we do now;
What joys has all the world in store?
Or Heaven it self to grant us more!
There's nothing sure so sweet can prove,
As pleasures of beginning love.*

*But love when to its height arriv'd,
Of all our joys is shortest liv'd:
The morning past 'tis set so soon,
That none can find its Afternoon;
And of that little time is lent,
Half in unkindness is mispent.*

POOOR Corydon thy flames remove,
I pity thee, but cannot love;
Yet I find there is something in every vein,
Which makes me to love, could I meet with a Swain
That w'ur to my mied,
That w'ur to my mind,
And woo'd love me again.

Kind Lovers love on,
Least the world be undone,
And man-kind be lost by degrees;
for if all from their Loves,
should go wander in Groves,
There soon woo'd be nothing but Trees.

FINIS.



